

## **Lone Dog**

**by Irene Rutherford McLeod**

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone;  
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own;  
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;  
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,  
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat,  
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,  
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff and kick and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side.  
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide,  
Oh, mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,  
Wide wind, and wild stars, and hunger of the quest!